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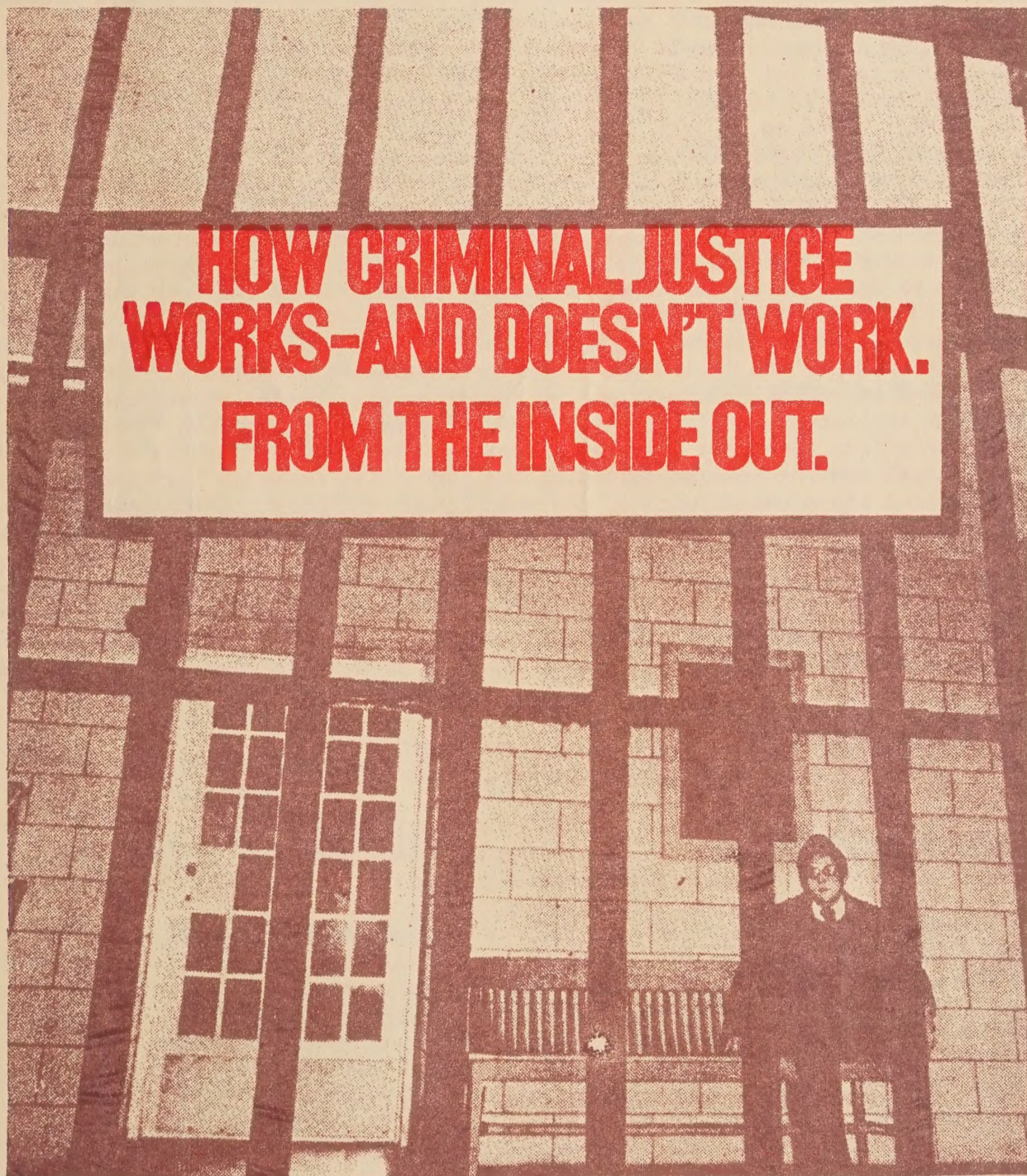
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COMMUNICATOR

SPRINGHILL PENITENTIARY

**HOW CRIMINAL JUSTICE
WORKS-AND DOESN'T WORK.
FROM THE INSIDE OUT.**



OBITER DICTA/David Bloomfield

HAVING TAKEN PEN IN HAND TO WRITE THIS COLUMN, IT HAS JUST OCCURRED TO THIS writer that a year has passed since joining The COMMUNICATOR staff. Happy Anniversary David, Ha! I'd like to be able to say that this past year has flown by . . . but it hasn't and I guess that's another story, or is it? My first intention was to lay down a rap tying together the front-cover statement with the material found within these bizarre pages, but the mind wanders elsewhere, Oh how it wanders; and besides, I'm sure our readers (YOU) can find the connections without the benefit of my help. If not, it's because either I'm overestimating the intelligence of the readership or our ability to get our message across, over, around and through the minefield of administrative censorship.

We've been very good 'boys' at the office this past publishing year, very rarely have we had an article censored; we know just where to draw the line before the heavy hand falls and 'Heat' envelopes the cozy COMMUNICATOR clubhouse. Not to mention that such censorship would entail additional work for our harrassed Copy Editor. (Nothing quite like having to re-edit and re-type a piece you've previously done two or three times, right John? -- I knew you'd agree.) And so we're amug in the knowledge that what we set out to accomplish (And what's that you ask? -- good question, no answer -- privileged information!) each time we take on the task of a new issue, is actually accomplished when each issue hits the Living Units and the streets. Yeah right, but can we see the forest for the trees? Hung-up as we are on the technical, logistical, financial and ethical issues involved in publishing a prison periodical, we can only surmise that our choice of material accurately reflects the prison experience and the operation of criminal justice "from the inside out." Despite all the time we have on our hands, or should I say, hanging over our heads -- there are forces which limit the full potential of energies, and in reflection I wonder if this has had a detrimental effect on our capacity to present issues and events in their full and true perspective.

(Hmm, now I'm wondering if I've lost the thread of this discourse . . . ah, here it is, I've found it! Thank the gods! A mental lapse now could mean the collapse of civilization as we know it. Well, would you believe the collapse of this column at least? Read on, I just might make my point yet and I'm sure you wouldn't want to miss a 'first' in a distinguished journalism career.)

Recently, during a meeting with the Inmate Committee, concerning approval of a loan to The COMMUNICATOR, the Committee expressed the view that they felt the most important aspect of this publication is that it reaches outside prison walls to several hundred concerned persons across Canada, and as such is a viable means of prisoner expression directed to the 'free' community, (approval of the loan was contingent on that fact). I left the meeting (check in hand) ruminating over the responsibility we had to uphold our part of the bargain, and uphold it to the best of our abilities -- even under the restricted operating conditions we obviously work within.

Continual subscription renewals, new subscriptions, reader submissions, feedback and input indicate we are indeed touching a few nerve-endings out there but are we helping to effect necessary positive changes in the criminal justice system, or at the very least towards counter-balancing the repressive measures that loom on the near horizon for those caught within the web of the 'system'? After reading portions of the "Peace and Security" package pending in Parliament, a wave of nausea swept through this writer and accordingly I've renamed the legislation "Piss and Sick-curity." Now really, what can I say about this travesty of 'justice' that's about to be dumped on the Canadian people, and specifically, right in the laps (or on the cheeks) of the whipping boys of Canadian society, we convicts!?! I think a contemporary poet has put into words the sentiments I'd like to express but could never match as succinctly:

"Oh, what'll you do now, my blue eyed son?
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?"

I'm a goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a fallin',
I'll walk to the depth of the deepest black forest,
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty,
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden,
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,
Where black is the color, where none is the number,
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it,
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin',

But I'll know my song well before I start singin',
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
It's a hard rain's a gonna fall."

(From: "A Hard Rain's A Gonna Fall" by Bob Dylan)



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PRESS CLIPS:

DISCRETIONARY POWERS

by Geoffrey Stevens (GLOBE & MAIL OCT. 10/75)

"The plain fact is that the (National Parole) Board claims a tyrannical authority that I believe is without precedent among administrative agencies empowered to deal with a person's liberty. It claims an unfettered power to deal with an inmate, almost as if he were a mere puppet on a string." -- Chief Justice Bora Laskin.

Anyone who occasionally -- occasionally? -- nurses a suspicion that Parliament has abdicated to regulatory and administrative agencies a vast amount of power to make decisions affecting our lives won't get any argument from this quarter. This abdication is inevitable and given proper policing, can be perfectly desirable. The important thing is to know what powers have been vested in which agencies, boards and commissions, to know our rights when dealing with the various agencies, and to make very sure that they stay within the powers Parliament meant them to have.

Anyone with \$19.75 worth of interest in the subject could do worse than to invest the money in a volume publishes in the past month by the Law Reform Commission of Canada and entitled A Catalogue of Discretionary Powers in the Revised Statutes of Canada 1970. The author, Philip Anisman, went through the 1970 federal statutes and found 14,885 discretionary powers exercisable by Cabinet ministers, appointed tribunals and civil servants of every description (from deputy ministers to game wardens).

Some of the discretionary powers are well-known -- for example, the regulatory authority of the Canadian Radio-Television Commission and the Canadian Transport Commission. Others are a good deal more arcane. How many Canadians are aware that Section 110 (3) of the Canada Shipping Act confers on an agency called the Board of Steamship Inspectors the authority to calculate the horsepower of ships and to decide whether, depending on the horsepower, a ship should be compelled to carry a third-class engineer on trips of less than 10 miles?

The catalogue is useful in that it indicates the extent of administrative, ministerial and regulatory powers and identifies the acts of Parliament from which they flow. It is not, however, light bedside reading. The volume runs to 1,025 pages and most of it is in tabular form.

It takes a court case like Fred Mitchell versus Her Majesty the Queen (a small portion of Chief Justice Laskin's sharp dissent is quoted above) to bring home to most of us the awesome powers exercised by appointed bodies and officials. Mr. Mitchell was sentenced to three years and two months in prison following his conviction on a number of offences in Manitoba. The sentence was to run from November 2, 1970, to January 1, 1974.

On November 9, 1971, he was released on parole. Ten months later, on September 6, 1972, his parole was suspended and he was returned to custody. In two weeks' time, however, he was released on parole again. Mr. Mitchell got a job and was within eight days of completing his sentence when, on December 24, 1973, he was arrested without reason or explanation and returned to prison. It was not until February 8, 1974 -- 38 days after he would have been released from prison had he never been allowed parole -- that the National Parole Board revoked his parole. This left him in the position of having to serve in jail the time he had spent on parole. Mr. Mitchell went to court seeking a writ of habeas corpus.

In a judgment handed down two weeks ago, the Supreme Court of Canada, on a 6-2 split, upheld Mr. Mitchell's incarceration. In essence, the majority found that the Parole Board had acted within its administrative competence and that it was not required to give a person on parole any reason for his arrest, beyond the bare fact that his parole had been suspended.

This construction of the Parole Act troubled Chief Justice Laskin who felt the Parole Board had acted arbitrarily in having Mr. Mitchell arrested on the eve of the expiry of his sentence and in keeping him in custody, without benefit of a hearing, after the expiry date. The Chief Justice also concluded that the Parole Board had violated Mr. Mitchell's rights under the Canadian Bill of Rights by not informing him promptly of the reason for his arrest.

Although the majority judgment stands in the Mitchell case, it is obvious that the Parole Board has taken unto itself a good deal more power than Parliament ever meant it to have.

DIFFERING VIEWS ON PAROLE

Editorial

(THE HALIFAX HERALD LIMITED OCT. 14/75)

The chief justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, Bora Laskin, has released a minority judgment in which he is highly critical of the operations of the National Parole Board.

His statement appeared after the Court had voted, 6 to 2, not to interfere in the case of an individual who, without there being any explanation, had his parole revoked and was returned to prison.

Chief Justice Laskin charged that the board exercises a tyrannical authority. The board, he said, "claims an unfettered power to deal with an inmate, almost as if he were a mere puppet on a string." The board is not required to give any reason for its decisions, the rightness and integrity of which can only be assumed by the public.

What the chief justice appears to be suggesting is that the decisions of the board should be accompanied by an explanation. A man should have the right to know why the privilege of parole is denied him or, after having been granted, is revoked or suspended. Perhaps the implied suggestion is that the board is too harsh.

If that is the implication of the remarks then it may be concluded that the majority of the Supreme Court views the operations of the Parole Board as being fair or, perhaps, too lenient.

The public attitude probably would be that the Parole Board is too lenient in the practice of reintroducing prison-

ers to society as a feature of their rehabilitation. General opinion, of course, is shaped by the failures of the system. The occasional parolee who commits a major crime casts the shadow of suspicion over all who have been paroled.

Unfortunately, no program of parole can be absolutely foolproof. There have been and there will be failures. The public attitude towards the matter is not going to change until the absolute assurance is given that the Parole Board is taking every reasonable precaution in its work. To that must be coupled a willingness on the part of the authorities, without delay and without exasperating red tape, to render adequate compensation to the victims of those who, while on parole, commit a crime.

A first step towards remolding public opinion is for the board to make known the reasons for its decisions. This is not to suggest that they be made public because that would militate against the rights of prisoners involved. But as long as the board operates in secrecy, everybody, as well as the prisoner, will assume that something untoward is taking place. Where such thinking prevails, it is not the board but the prisoner who suffers.

The decision of the Supreme Court has the effect of confirming present methods of board operation. Chief Justice Laskin's comments point the way to a better understanding of parole programs and, in the long run, a better deal for both prisoners and the public.

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TALES OF TYRANNY

The following conversation, revealing the duplicity inherent in our criminal justice system -- as seen through the eyes of six young people, four of them prisoners of the ruling regime -- took place at The COMMUNICATOR office this past December. Representing The COMMUNICATOR were: Bob Backen; David Bloomfield; John Ettinger; and Greg Scott. Also on hand were; Peter Harvison, former Executive Director of Penitentiary Legal Services (PLS), Sackville, New Brunswick; and Martha MacDonald of Halifax -- our guests for the afternoon. Peter, acting as conversation catalyst wished to express his views and impressions -- compiled over the last two years in his position with PLS -- regarding the various elements that comprise the Canadian Criminal Justice Combine. The COMMUNICATOR was more than happy to oblige Mr. Harvison.

EDITED BY DAVID BLOOMFIELD

Peter: A problem that we're concerned with right now at PLS is the transfer of individuals between institutions. Specifically, from provincial institutions and/or federal medium and minimum-security institutions to maximum-security institutions, and vice versa. It's our feeling that the present procedures are inadequate in assuring the prisoner some protection towards allowing him the opportunity to present his side of the case to the transferring body. Now, there are considerations that have to be given, and I don't think we can anticipate that any kind of a board decision will take on the kinds of responsibilities and procedures that are used by the courts, but we feel that prisoners deserve more say in the decisions that are made by administrators in dealing with them in the institutions. In addition, the procedures in Warden's Court are also being reviewed. It seems litigation has begun in other jurisdictions and it's quite likely that decisions will

come down in that area before we get deeply involved in some of those problems.

David: Would you know if the Courts are experiencing any problems in resolving these prison-administrating issues?

Peter: Well, I don't think the problems lie with the Courts as much as with the inability of the prisoners to get these issues before the Courts. For the most part, it remains to be seen what the Courts decide on the particular issues involved. We may see in some of the legislation coming down soon some indication of a recognition of certain rights of prisoners, specifically in the area of parole revocation. I think we will see some kind of procedure which will allow prisoners to either have counsel or make representations on his own behalf before having parole revoked. The penalties suffered due to parole revocation are particularly severe and

haven't been recognized by the Courts at this stage of the game. For example, I don't think they're aware of the fact that when you lose parole you lose credit for all the time you were on the street and all your Statutory Remission, and those are pretty severe penalties.

David: It's pretty hard to believe that the Courts aren't aware of this situation.

Peter: Well, I think ultimately they're aware and certainly some of the dissenting judgments, particularly from Chief Justice Bora Laskin, in a few recent cases, have indicated his displeasure with the refusal of the Courts to intervene in this area.

Now, I think a real problem exists in that prisoners aren't bringing a lot of issues to our attention. Perhaps they feel that they don't have any power to deal with their life-situation in the institution, which may or may not be the case.

David: So, you see that one of the main objectives of PLS is to make the prisoner more aware of the remedies available to them so they can take advantage of such?

Peter: Yes, I think prisoners should be prepared to consult with PLS or any lawyer in dealing with some of their problems in the institution. Now this does not necessarily mean that there's anything the Service can do in a strictly legal sense, but there may well be, or it may well be we can at least give the prisoner some kind of objective advice which they may not be getting within the institution.

David: That might be putting it mildly. (Laughter all around) I would have to say, from my observation and experience, the administration doesn't encourage this type of activity, in fact, it sometimes seems quite the opposite is the case.

Peter: I think that's natural in a sense. In fact, in a couple of situations I can think of, the administrators have informed the prisoner that he should consult with legal advice. This kind of removes the personal antagonisms that can develop.

David: What do you think we could. . .

Peter: We can talk about prisoners' unions.

David: We haven't received much information here about the prisoners' union movement, just the fact that something's going on. . . .

Peter: Unfortunately, I don't have a great deal of information on what's been going on on the West Coast and in Ontario at the present. It appears that prisoners in maximum-security institutions are considering organizing and are using the union model as a means to redress their grievances. I think prisoners' unions might be a viable way in dealing with the conflicts between the prisoners and their administrators. First off, I don't really agree with the entire institutional process. There are just too many inherent deficiencies in the process to guarantee any kind of long-range benefit to the majority of the people that are put into these situations, as you yourselves are probably well aware. The prime function of the administrators is the custodial supervision of prisoners, so there is a conflict right there in trying to help someone. Some of the States are moving towards abolishing prisons and I think that's not a bad step.

David: Oh yeah?

Peter: Wisconsin is one.

David: What are they doing?

Peter: Well, I think they have a five-year plan. . . . (Everyone laughs) These things get conceptualized, although I'll wait and see what happens, and see if they do move out of the prison model. I think it's much more realistic to think in terms of small models, of small units within the community where a few individuals can be properly serviced by counsellors.

John: What do you mean 'serviced'!? I think all that terminology is one big euphemism. You know, we're here to be punished and set up as examples in order to deter others and all that other sociological jargon is bullshit.

Peter: What do you see as reasonable alternatives to the kind of process we have? I think if you try to isolate the criminal justice system you probably can't deal with the real issues. The administration of criminal justice is just a part of the problems of our society. We have a tendency to think in terms of institutions resolving problems. Maybe you have some kind of model that I'd like to hear about, maybe you can clue-me-in?

John: Well, I can't say that I have any pat answers. However, historically speaking, such as in nineteenth-century North America, there was the frontier. Back then people in conflict with the law could go west, to the frontier, instead of going to prison. There wasn't much need for prisons then. Now that

the frontier is practically non-existent that concept has little practical application. Now we seem cornered into the present model and I can't relate to it because it's not out front, it's a layer-cake of bullshit.

David: What about the vast frontier of Space? They can always send us to the Moon and beyond!

Greg: We'll have to wait for Ray Bradbury, huh?

John: I don't know, that's not so far-fetched, we may not have to wait that long.

Greg: I know, I've read stories about that already. I'm looking for it to happen.

John: I don't really have an alternative to the present prison model. My objection here concerns the terminology used to describe the present system, which is constantly bandied-about in an attempt to create a smoke-screen around the real situation. For example, you do a no-no and you get locked up for it, so you're going to get punished, and this I can accept because it's real. But now we have these pseudo-social-scientists laying down their games on the prisoners, prattling on about our so-called 'problem(s)'. These charlatans say, "We're going to have to deal with this person because he's got a problem." Yeah, he's got a problem alright, more likely as not he tried to pull-off some sort of money-making scheme, not an uncommon act by even the most respected members of our society, and he got caught. If we're going to look for a 'problem' -- that's it. It rubs me the wrong way when I hear all this extraneous socio-moralistic bullshit!

Peter: Hmm, I think it's essential to differentiate some of the crimes. First off, we're housing a lot of people in prisons for crimes against property, about 80% of prisoners are serving time for crimes against property. I've seen guys sent-up for a couple of years for stealing three-hundred bucks worth of merchandise and it doesn't make sense to me. I think it's crazy! I'm trying to look to a broader social-spectrum where perhaps some of the terminology I use may have some kind of respectability. In practical terms, we're putting people in prisons unnecessarily, while at the same time we have all these people shrieking "law and order, law and order, the sentences are too light!" I don't think these people realize the kind of damage they're doing to a lot of people. I don't think they're aware of it. They can't be, otherwise they wouldn't be making such ludicrous assertions.

David: Well I guess the 'law and order' people figure they're sending offenders off to luxury hotels and they'll need more time inside to offset the 'good life' they're leading so they'll appreciate the effects of incarceration.

Greg: You can't please everybody.

John: It also depends on your outlook, your perception of human nature. Apparently, what seems so outlandish to you, your opinion of where the 'law and order' people are at, doesn't seem that outrageous to me. I'm sure there are quite a few people who 'get-off' on the vengeance oriented 'law and order' trip.

Greg: That's true -- malicious people.

Peter: I think you're right, that's true; maybe they're the people we should be looking at?

David: Well, we are looking at them -- that's for sure.

Bob: What so you think of this relatively new trend which seems to be having a snowball effect -- this process that they have in hospitals for the criminally insane, the 'torture-cure scene', by drugs or water-drops on the head or whatever. . . .

David: Behavior modification -- brainwashing!

Bob: Well, it does things to my head when I start thinking of things like brainwashing. I am wondering if this is happening on an international scale or is it just local, in Canada or North America?

Peter: I would say it's a pretty broad method used by various peoples over the course of history and now probably reaching new heights of skilled application, a development I'm not very pleased with at all. I think it's pretty dangerous for people to put themselves at the mercy of the state, and I don't have any confidence that the state is going to lead us into Nirvana. I've already expressed my lack of faith in the present penal institutions; I don't see any reason why I should have faith in an institution where behavior modification is rigidly applied. It terrifies me to think that these are some of the methods that are going to be adopted.

Bob: I was wondering about that because a short time ago I was told the only way I'd get a parole was if I volunteered my head to one of those characters that go wandering through the corridors of your mind. It's kind of flashing me out because I've seen instances where guys have been declared competent to stand

trial -- sane -- and after being sent to prison were told, ". . . very sick man, we are going to have to treat you." That guy is left hanging with nowhere to go -- they've got him.

Peter: Well, there's a great difference between being found competent to stand trial and what they determine as being normal.

Bob: There's a great difference between what is normal in here and out there too.

Greg: The prison staff is more concerned with attitude. If you're a hippy, counter-culture, revolutionary type outside, that's common and almost acceptable behavior. If you get that type of thing in here, it's really threatening to the institutional structure.

John: Oh yeah, they ran that rap down to me when I first came to Springhill -- the whole hippy trip, counter-culture thing and I never really conceived of myself in that framework before. The psychologist was trying to tell me where I'm at and it sounded as if he lifted his entire rap from Life magazine. I'd like to get back to the point Bob was making about people being found competent to stand trial. When I read the novel In Cold Blood, Copote referred to a doctrine called the 'McNaughton Rule', dating back to old English Law. Peter, could you clarify that rule for me?

Peter: I believe the 'McNaughton Rule' refers to the offenders awareness at the time of commission of the offence. If he was aware of the nature and consequences of his acts then he would be deemed fit to stand trial but if he was unaware of both the nature and consequences of his acts then he would be declared insane at the time of the commission and hence, Insanity would be a valid defence. In many cases it's better for a person not to plead, Insanity, because if you're declared insane you're at the mercy of the Crown until you're declared sane; your chances of serving a longer sentence are much greater. Most lawyers would rather simply advise a client not to use that as a defence.

Greg: I was advised to plead Insanity but when I went to the nut-house in St. John for thirty-days observation, I had the option to stay or leave. Well, I came here because I just looked around and said, "No thanks. . . ."

John: ". . . these people are crazy!"

Greg: The mental hospital routine is worse than the routine here. They just grab you, you have no civil liberties, rights, or anything. They just grab

hold of you, jab a needle into you, take you up to Narco-therapy or somewhere and just fry your brains out.

Peter: There's a real need for lawyers to get involved with mental institutions and I think we'll be seeing more of that as time goes by. I think it's some of these broader issues that eventually PLS has to get more fully involved with -- such as prisoners receiving some kind of protection in terms of participating in psycho-therapy or behavior modification programs. Basically, I think that the psychiatric services of both penal and mental institutions are pretty inadequate. I have little faith in either type of institution so it leaves me without any kind of model other than saying that those who commit an offence against a person perhaps should be sent to prison while those committing other kinds of offences should be kept within the community in some form. I feel we have to think in terms of giving the individual who's placed in prison, as much control over his own life as we can give, instead of minimizing that aspect as we now do. What happens is that options might very well be placed before you: either take psychiatric treatment or stay here for ten more years. I don't think coercion works.

Martha: But there are different levels. Your legal services are taking existing laws and existing institutions and saying, even given that, there's some way to make things work better so you can make people aware of what rights they do have. On that level you're working within the framework to help them. Now you take them to the next level, which is, maybe you don't want to work within the existing institutions, so keep the laws and change the institutions, and work within that. Then the next level, which I think you people have been getting at, is the question of the laws -- the issue of changing the laws which is outside what you are thinking about Peter.

Greg: Yeah, I think that's what it's all about, yeah!

John: If they change the laws then their whole house of cards collapses.

Martha: You can't change the laws without changing the society, and conversely if you change the laws you change the society and I don't think the present power-structure is interested in doing that.

Greg: Let 'er crumble!

John: Yeah, the 'haves' don't like to give up what they got. That's really what everything we've talked about boils

down to.

(A minute of silence ensues)

Peter: (Sighs). . .It seems no matter what I've done I've always reached this kind of impasse. Sometimes you arrive there more quickly than other times.

John: You should have brought along a John Bircher to keep things going during these slack moments.

(More silence. . .and possible reflection)

Martha: The thing I found frightening about what you've been saying regarding psychiatric treatment is that in some ways that's a progressive step. Whoever started talking that way -- about people having problems -- probably had a fairly genuine concern and thought he was taking some sort of step forward. But they can take the original good intention and then use it as a vehicle to do all kinds of horrendous things that are not even very subtle but you can still sell them to the public under the guise of, "We're helping individuals who have problems." So you've found a way to solve them and fit them into the prevailing liberal attitude of, "What we should do with these people. . . ."

Bob: I 'spread my cheeks' when I first came here and said that certain things were bothering me, and it's been over five-years and yet they still come to me and say, "How are you dealing with this" and it's still a valid type of thing to them -- this whole 'problem' game. It was to a point one time all I was hearing was, "How do you treat your problems. . .problems. . .problems." Myself, I've experienced just about everything here as if they're out to get me in some way, shape or form, and maybe it's paranoia but for me that's what it's come down to. You know, I have so long to survive this place, and if I can I'm free; if I don't, well I'm fucked.

Peter: I don't think we're ever going to get the majority of people to look at the situation objectively and certainly not within the foreseeable future. Perhaps, the thing to do is to try to get people away from thinking in black and white terms. Perhaps you say, "Well, a person who commits an act that is defined by the State as being a crime is a person who has a 'problem' in one way or another," first of all, he's transgressed the law -- and I don't think there's anyone in this room that hasn't transgressed the law and perhaps fairly seriously, ha-ha. . . .

Bob: Confess. . .Confess!

John: You'll feel better!

Bob: You'll feel MUCH better! Tell us your PROBLEMS!

Peter: . . .but the situation comes down to taking the offender out of being defined as a criminal and being defined as a person. We get caught in that dilemma itself. I think that makes it difficult for you to define or redefine your relationship with society when you go out on the street. Because Society, to me, seems to be pretty inhuman -- collectively. Maybe one step to take is to stop using this label 'criminal'.

John: That's the hard way to do it though; you know, water always seeks the path of least resistance on its way to the sea; it's so much easier talking about categorizing people, putting them into a slot like that than it is to look at the situation on a realistic level. Defining people as 'criminal' helps perpetuate the criminal justice combine. The 'system' must perpetuate itself, it's an industry, it's a business, it's a self-perpetuating system.

Greg: That's what systems do; the main concern of a system or an institution is to stabilize itself.

Peter: So, I think maybe then you'll all agree that the system has to be dismantled!?

Martha: Which system?

Peter: Well, just the criminal justice system, the institutional system as a start, ha-ha.

Greg: I think the system was built on a foundation of certain facts or assumptions. You know, penal servitude and all that; lock them up in a cell, lots of solitude, Bible to read, plain coarse food and. . .I guess it was started by John Howard. . . .

David: It was the Quakers who established penitentiaries in North America!

Peter: Yeah, it was the Quakers!

John: Yeah, it was the Quakers. . . let's get 'em!

David: Now the Quakers have realized the mistake they made and are advocating the abolishment of the prison system because the original concept has been abused to the point where the Quakers are now ashamed and embarrassed over having introduced the concept in the first place. The only other thing more embarrassing to the Quakers is Richard Nixon's claim of being one of the flock.

Martha: The best model seems to me to be the Penal Colony which recognizes that there is an existing society that has certain values, therefore has certain laws reflecting those values, that there are individuals that may or may not want to fit into that society, and if they don't fit into that society you tell them they cannot be part of that society, but they can go and make their own society somewhere else.

Peter: Yeah, but what kind of society do you get in the penal colonies?

Martha: What do you get? -- You get Canada, the U.S., Australia; that's what started these countries -- penal colonies. . .outcasts.

Greg: Yeah, and look what they turned into! Well, it's true; we are all descended from criminals and undesirables, and here we are. The whole society has become criminal.

Bob: What do you mean 'we all'? I'll have you know you all came from undesirables. We were already here.

Greg: Oh yeah, that's what you think! But why do you think they shipped all those Polynesians away?

Peter: Well, we can carry this conversation to the outer-limits of our imaginations but in getting back to the issue at hand, I try to deal with the practical problems of the day if they can be dealt with. It seems to me the most functional process is to give each individual who transgresses the law, the opportunity of having as much control over his own life as we can possibly give them. What they need is a fair degree of. . . .

David: . . .self-determination.

Peter: Yes. Any kind of paternalistic effort on the part of Society towards its prisoners is not going to solve the problems we're facing today. I look upon our prisons as being paternalistic mini-societies, and that may very well be the crux of the problem. The individuals who are caught in the web of our prison system must assert themselves as individuals, and perhaps collectively, which may be why prisoners' unions may not be such a bad idea.

Bob: You were speaking earlier about alternatives; what do you think about this process called 'Diversion'?

Peter: Well, I have some pretty mixed feelings about that because I think Diversion can perhaps be used ultimately to collect more people under the criminal justice sphere and shoot 'em down

the pike. Diversion, I suppose, is a system of keeping the individual out of the criminal justice system, but I have a real fear that it may end up doing the reverse. That may not be justified but I've given it some thought and it seems to me. . . .

Greg: What's Diversion?

Peter: Diversion is a pre-trial process designed to keep offenders out of the criminal courts and prisons by dealing with their cases on a less impersonal level.

Greg: Oh, you mean referring them to the lower court systems, family counseling, social workers and all that.

Peter: Yes, that's right.

Greg: I can see that with that structure more and more affairs will fall under criminal justice because they'll then be equipped to handle them. You know, if you 'jig' school they'll send you over to see this guy and he'll have his hooks into you.

Peter: Then there will be that cloud hanging over you, sort of like being 'sent away'.

John: Habitual Hooky Player.

Bob: Three times -- Life!

Peter: What do you think about it? Do you agree with that?

Bob: I see it as just adding more to the whole 'aversion', not diversion, game, that adversary process all over again -- "We have to do something."

Greg: I figure it's built on a foundation that's pretty shakey. Instead of looking back to see if the original concept is not wrong and built on an error, they say, "We'll try this and we'll try that, and we'll balance it out over on this side." -- sort of like the Tower of Babel. It keeps building up and up and then it begins to sway and rock, so they build a great big arm over here, call it the Parole Service, and it balances up. Then they have to put Mandatory Supervision over here, Half-way Houses over there, and it just keeps building up. The criminal justice system is built on a base that is wrong, it's a mistake, but they won't ever admit it because they have their 'practical' considerations -- thousands of people would be out of work -- they just can't tear that thing down, they can't ever do that. It's built on a mistake.

Peter: What do you define as a 'mistake'?

Greg: The idea that putting people in prison will straighten them out, deter them from engaging in criminal acts. That's a mistake; it's not true that putting people in prison will stop them from committing criminal acts. It may help keep them from a situation where they'll be caught again, and a variety of other things. Prison does have an effect on the individual involved -- it makes them smarter, makes them hate the system more, makes them feel justified for what they already did and what they might be planning to do.

Bob: It also justifies the authorities position.

Greg: I know. I feel they have a vested interest in crime, without it their system is useless. They don't really 100% want to succeed because then they will just be sitting in their offices twiddling their thumbs with nothing to do -- the prisons will be pretty empty.

Martha: That takes you into the whole social system and the. . . .

Greg: Yeah, that's right!

Martha: You need a certain group of people at the bottom to justify the people all the way up, and that doesn't change who and how those at the bottom become classified as criminals.

Greg: You can't explain that to an administrator; they're threatened by that sort of talk. It's like being in Russia -- you can't talk about it. There aren't any alternatives.

John: Well, you have options. . . .

Bob: Oh sure, I have options. . . .

Greg: Peter, I want to ask you a question: is the parole agreement a contract?

Peter: Perhaps at one time you could have made some kind of assertion that it

Peter: Perhaps at one time you could have made some kind of assertion that it was. I tried to advance that argument in a parole revocation case and I wasn't very successful. I guess you could argue that in some ways it is but I don't think the Courts will uphold it. Certainly, the Court didn't agree with me. There is a concept in a contract known as 'consideration'; you give them something and they give you something. In this sense my argument was, you gave the parole system your Statutory Remis-

sion, that was your consideration, and the Parole Board gave you the condition of liberty, and that was their consideration. Unfortunately, the Parole Act itself provides procedures for rescinding the agreement; so in other words, it's outside the realm of the courts. Parole is a particular step of conditional liberty. If you're good inside the institution we'll give you a parole but when you get out on parole we're going to hold another hammer over your head. I think it makes it difficult for the parolee to appreciate the parole because of the kind of powers being exercised over him, which are pretty broad.

Greg: What about parole revocations, again? The Parole Service doesn't have to prove that you violated your parole when they revoke it, they just say you did and BOOM, there you are; signed, sealed and delivered.

Peter: We had a case where one guy was revoked, brought before the Magistrate in Amherst, and at that time I raised some objection to the Magistrate signing the Committal Warrant that he was exercising a judicial function in doing so. Therefore he was required to exercise the powers given to him as a judge under the Bill of Rights to enquire behind the reasons for the re-incarceration of the parolee. He refused to acknowledge me and I took the issue into the Provincial Supreme Court and they wouldn't buy it either. Magistrates sentence a lot people so often on petty offences that it might be better if some other body acted on parole revocations.

Greg: What about a review of the revocation?

Peter: Again you run into the problem of institutionalization. Say we bring in fair procedure and there's going to be some kind of review board to review parole revocations, so after a time they are going to become institutionalized in their own way too.

David: They could have a rotating review board; say changing the members of the review board every two or three years or so.

Peter: Well, maybe a rotating board would be better in a lot of ways.

David: Unfortunately, it looks like it's time for the count and we'd better rotate back to our cells or they'll rotate us all the way down to the 'Hole'.

Martha: So let's rotate already, baby!

THE COUNTDOWN

by Peter Trainor

IT TAKES FOUR SECONDS FOR THE DOPE TO REACH FROM YOUR ARM VEIN TO THE BRAIN. Four long seconds of intense concentration that all your hopes are based upon. Spike hanging from the arm, eyes riveted straight ahead -- waiting for the smack to center in your head are the four longest seconds, when the world stops dead.

Everyone is crowded around looking at you, watching your eyes and trying to gauge your reaction to the white powder. Is it good? Is it garbage? Right on schedule it hits -- your breathing slows, a warm bath envelopes you. Bliss arrives, followed soon after by a mental exhaustion that forces you to stop and take a long sweet breath.

"How is it, man?" Bobby says. His alien presence reminds me of duty. A look at the anxious expression on his face and I decide to end the suspense for him and Nancy, my old lady.

"It's decent," I whisper, feeling the numbing sensation at the back of my neck. "It's decent," I repeat and smile. Yes, all is in order. I am in my own control again, having kicked out the sickness with a vicious shot of 'H'. It will be back, I know, perhaps not for another eight hours, but in those eight hours I know I can cop again and win yet another reprieve from the withdrawal agony and pains that I fear more than death.

It's morning and I am ravenous -- the refrigerator holds a bottle of Coke and some dill pickles. Bobby is in the next room, cursing and swearing as he tries to find a hit. He is shaking and keeps pulling the point out of his scarred-up vein. Sweat is pouring from his face as he jabs the needle in again. Nancy is fidgeting and bitching cause she always has to go last. I sympathize with her because Bobby always takes at least a quarter-of-an-hour and we could both be done in five minutes. Tears begin to form in Bobby's eyes. He is shaking and jabbing, and is losing dope out of the point in ever-increasing drops. The more agitated he becomes the less likely he is to get a hit. He says nothing now as frustration overwhelms him. "Let me," I offer and before he can refuse I have taken the works, making sure the point is clear of dried blood. I then loosen the tie around his bicep, slap his arm several times to get the circulation going and then retie him. A small vein in the forearm looks promising. Tap tap, the needle penetrates the skin. A red bloom enters the clear liquid -- contact has been made. Not wanting to lose the vein I gently undo the tie around his arm and have him rest the arm on the table-top. "Now?" I ask. He nods and I fire the stuff in as fast as possible, leaving just a little for him to boot with. His eyes are closed while he waits the four seconds.

"O Jesus," he mutters. "Not bad at all. We gotta go get s'more of this stuff. Yeah, no doubt about it, this is twice as good as anything else in this fuckin' town. Gotta get more...."

I watch him to make sure he does not go out. He is just in a nice nod, his blond shaggy head nearly touching his chest. Ecstasy costs only twenty-five dollars a half-spoon. . .and a lien on your life.

Nancy awaiting impatiently for her fix is all set up. She has cleaned the works that Bobby just used and is anxiously awaiting her turn. Her veins are so small -- she weighs only one-hundred-and-fifteen-pounds and it requires a great deal of precision. Nothing looks very promising. After a thorough search, I find a vein on the backside of her arm, just above the elbow. Her habit is a slight one and she only needs half the number of bags we use, but paradoxically, she gets more out of it. She immediately lapses into a dreamlike trance with a wisp of a smile on her face. I gently kiss her forehead and say, "I love you babe," even though I know she can't hear me.

Bobby and Nancy are both out, but the dope I took has me nowhere near their level. I take inventory: Bobby and me, eight bags apiece; my old lady, four bags;

twenty bags gone in twenty minutes; ten dollars per bag; five bags still left from my bundle. Does dopefiendia take over or do I just fire away and accept the consequences? The hell with it. We can cop again later tonight, somehow, and I want to reach their level of unawareness. Anyway, I'm the leader and I bring in a lot more dope and risk my neck countless times and... well fuck, I'm just gonna do it, guilty conscience and all. Once again dopefiendia wins. I draw the last of the precious clear liquid up into the syringe. Salvation at a discount. I realize it is pure greed and piggy to do it -- I just want to get higher, but then the highest high is death... so many friends died trying to reach there, but where is there? What will I find there? Junkies fallen by the wayside, searching and grasping for relief, only to find a persecuting society that grinds them into animals, despises them as outcasts, imprisons them at will, eventually kills them, and then shrinks back in horror when the truth is revealed.

Who can deny the death wish? Subconscious or not, it must be there. It's another stop, that's all. Better or worse are relative terms, a millionaire may perhaps find heaven a demotion... who can know? Who can believe in such nonsense anyway? Good and evil, define these terms for me. Are we good when we have killed for Nixon and LBJ? Are we evil when we steal to survive? Values are placed and set at whim, and to dissociate oneself from all this meaningless drivel is my goal in the ludicrous state of being we define as living. You must take a giant step outside your mind and then try to understand things from a new awareness and. . . .

I suddenly snap out of my, what I call my philosophy and rationalization nod. I tie-off quickly, jab the needle home and quickly relieve the syringe of its load. The four seconds allow me to remove the syringe and drop it in a glass of water to prevent blood from clotting inside the point. I then fall back heavily on the couch, my head resting on the armpiece. Three... Two... One... Blastoff! I feel I'm sinking too deep. It's quicksand and it's pulling me down under. I feel so warm and toasty, then I realize that I'm dying, but even this knowledge is unimportant, as I am a god. I try to lift my arms but they are already dead. Only my mind seems to be functioning, albeit very dully. I've got to get up, "Move!" my mind screams. I finally manage to open my eyelids a quarter-of-an-inch. Bobby is still nodding but stirring. I'm almost there, I think. With my last ounce of effort I am able to kick the lamp over with my feet, but I never even hear it crash I am so oblivious.

I come-to with Bobby slapping my face and Nancy pouring cold water on my head. "What-the-fuck," I sputter, "lea'me the fuck alone." I close my eyes again, hoping to recapture the peace and serenity that was so blissful, but again I am rudely shaken and pulled to my feet. "Lea'me alone, I'm awright."

"Walk," he orders. Nancy on one side, Bobby on the other, we walk for an interminable length of time and then they throw me into a cold shower. I do not feel the cold but gradually my brain begins to comprehend. After the hydro-therapy I wrap myself in a large beach-towel and sit on the rug. Sheepishly I thank Bobby and Nancy for saving my wretched life. In doing so they were robbed of their fragile highs and are nearly straight again.



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Now that the general circus is over the missing bags are brought up. "Uhh, I did it," I lamely admit.

Nancy comes over, kisses me and says, "I'm glad you're alive anyway."

"I was nowhere near dead," I protest. "I can handle my dope."

"Sure sure," says Bobby, "and now we gotta go cop again for t'night. I was hoping we could get by for the night, but you gotta be such a fuckin' pig an' shoot alla dope, an' if we don't score money tomorrow we're fucked, 'cause you know what a muthafucka it is to score green paper on a Sunday."

"Easy, easy m'man, it is under control. Right now I'm starving. Let's get something t'eat." Nobody could argue with that.

I hand a fin to Nancy to go out to Chicken Delight on Mass. Avenue to score us some Southern Fried. "I went last time," she protests.

"And I went the time before," says Bobby, "It's your turn."

"At the moment I am sick, man. If I were t'fall faint ina street an' die I would never forgive either one of you an' another thing. . . ."

"Hey, cut the bullshit an' go get the bird," says Bobby.

"If you was sick I wouldn't even think of sending you out there. You're trying t'tell me, after alla favors I have done f'you, that you would refuse me on this one negligible errand? Is that all a friendship means t'you an' you would risk my life over some trivial bullshit like that? My senses reel in disbelief. After the experience I just went through, I mean no more t'you than a cockroach that you would step on an' squash ina second. Why didn't you just let me die an' get it over with?" My spiel seems to be falling on completely deaf ears. Bobby knows me and my cons just too well.

In resignation and in continual stomach pains from hunger I give up and throw my leather on. Wanting to try one last-ditch effort I turn and say, "If I'm not back in an hour, check the morgue."

"Hey," Bobby says, "here's a few bucks. Pick up a few bottles of Yago Sangria." As he pushes me out the door.

In one last attempt I bang on the door but they won't let me back in. "Hey, I'm only nineteen, liquor stores won't sell t'me." I yell.

There's laughter then Bobby says, "Sweet talk them Breeze, you could talk a zebra outta his stripes, ha-ha."

"In quotes," I yell back.

I didn't really realize how loaded I am until I start to walk up to the Ave. I feel really good though. Dusk is setting in and although this is my most depressing time of day, I feel exuberant. Walking up the street I have this habit from my car stealing days, of glancing into every parked car I pass. It is a totally ingrained habit by now and even if I had a million dollars in my pocket I would still make the same side glance. Passing by a Mercedes on my way up the block, my eye catches the sight of leather. I bend down to have a closer look and murmur, "Hmm, looks like a pocketbook." Feeling pretty high anyway, I throw caution down the sewer and kick in the window. Before startled passersby can react I have the swag under my arm and am in an alley. Knowing alleys as I do and I do know alleys, I am home again in a matter of seconds. Still afraid of being followed I bang on the door twenty times before I realize that they probably think I'm the Man, because I did not give the secret dat-a-dat dat-dat. Between the ruckus and yelling, "It's me." I finally get inside and am able to bolt the door shut.

"What-the-fuck-is-this?" Bobby says. "Where's the food, the wine?"

I'm huffing and just toss the pocketbook on the bed. "Saved again," I say. "Anything that comes outuva Mercedes has gotta be filled with cash." Nancy is already into the bag, dumping everything on the kitchen table. I grab the wallet and pull out a measly fifteen bucks. "Shit," I shout, "we been robbed." Searching through the bag there is little else of interest, with the exception of a bottle of pills. "Hey," I say, "this looks like M.S." (Morphine Sulfate) I pour the little bottle of small white pills onto the table. We all stare at them.

"Could be," says Nancy.

"I don't know," says Bobby, "they look like they could be Codeine also."

The difference in appearance between the two is negligible, a slight difference in size is all that keeps them apart. Shooting into a vein though... well, that's a different story. M.S. is beautiful, heartwarming and ecstasy all in one. Codeine hits you like a million pins-and-needles all sticking into your body at the same time; the top of your head gets so damned hot it feels like your brain is coming through your scalp. Another symptom is you increase in size -- literally, your heart is just pumping so much blood, so fast, that your entire body swells up and turns a peachy shade of pink. Fun to watch but horror and agony to go through. We decide to wait on it.

Later on we scrape together thirty-five dollars and Bobby goes out and gets his standard five dollar discount for a crying junkie, so we all have a bag to get to sleep with. Bobby does two to make up for the five I did earlier. I barely feel one bag but the effects of the dope I shot earlier allows me to sleep, if not very soundly.

Sunday, nothing to steal on Sunday, worst day of the week. Everyone is at home, the stores are closed and all the hard cash is in the banks. We all go out to try and make a buck but it's nothing doing. At four in the afternoon we are all back, sick as dogs. Everyone is groaning and carrying on. I remember the pills and pull them out of the stash. No one says anything for a few moments, then Bobby says, "Not me."

"There comes a time Bobby, when you gotta do or die. This is it." I count out twelve pills and put them in the cooker.

"What d'you gotta do so many for?" Nancy says.

"It's only three-grains, if they are quarter-grain M.S.'s an' if they're not, well, what the fuck."

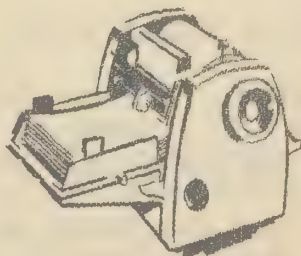
I draw the clear liquid solution up, Bobby stares intently as I tie-off. My big scarred vein pops up. I think to myself of a prayer but I know what a lot of bullshit that is, like covering all the bases or something. I look at them, both extremely sick, eyes watering, noses running; there is a silence as I never heard before in our room. I stick the needle in. Immediately a large red blood rose enters the syringe. I know if this is Codeine it will kill me, like burning to a crisp -- twelve pills are a lot. I also know if it is M.S. I will be in heaven -- on Cloud Nine. Heaven or Hell all in four seconds. I have to hurry up and make my decision, as the blood will clot-up in the point. It still isn't too late, I know. "Fuck it," I say and fire away. One. . .Two. . .Three. . .

Gestetner

Sales and Service

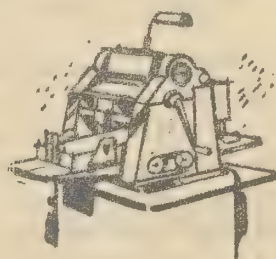
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-Coast to Coast-

Gestetner



FRANKENSTEIN

Your head was skull-like,
your face smiling out
with that feverish glitter it gained
from a few pernods,
or when you were about to tap out
some little coded message;
leaning back so upright,
tensely smiling and nursing your glass
close against your chest
like a protective talisman, crooning softly:
"Isn't it a pity? Isn't it a shame?
How we break each other's hearts?
and cause each other pain?"

I remember your body
like a smoothbright fish fighting for air,
always wrestling itself,
sending out sparks of color
like brilliant Siamese fighting fish.
I wanted to cling it tight
and breathe my life into your gills.

THE MASKED MARAUDER

There's been an unsavoury eye
invading my sleep,
a masked marauder.
I'm very adept at sidestepping plans
that others lay out
for my inspection,
so I've grown unaccustomed
to blind activity
or the fevers of fantasy
consuming the visions of each subway ride,
speeding still closer the face of my death,
that deep roaring cylinder
encased in cement,
subterranean express
to the heart of my home.

Last week I met a man
who carves rings out of beef-bone;
polished and glowing like ivory,
surrounded by bonedust
sifting through light,
in trays, on the floor,
while the odor of burnt bones
rose in my nose
the talk turned to
wholesale, to retail,
to how to get by,
make a living, subsist,
while we stood in a doorway
of a shop on east 9th street
the evening turned blue
and the moon rose in mist. . .

Betsy Hellman

it is not easy to die.
especially in america if you are young
it is harder still.

around america is death. thousands die
daily. around america
death is seen, but there is no mention.

so it was with jude. a young woman,
who died alone, returning at night
to her home. she did not

arrive, for falling asleep, she died
not as she lived
and her friends, like this poet

are too stunned to cry, to say poor jude.
some of us go to the funeral
saying our goodbyes to caskets and flowers

and lost processions, and some of us
stay at home piercing the memories of summer
with the falsetto laughter

of death. it is not easy to die
in america. harder still
is it to live.

THE LIFER

shitburg spends his time
at warwick inn
drinking coffee

instead of gin. "my life
has a purpose,"
he would say.

his day would end
with begin and not.
his obstacle was life

an implement,
a coffee cup
replete with cracks

handleless; held
together with smiles and scars,
complete his pleases

of how-do-you-do's;
a lay-away
of plans and jobs

and girls. "i haven't
had a girl for three months,"
he would say

between the screams of dreams
and book auguries. he would
hold his pain

close, so no one could see
the sparse and mess of his seeming me.
shitburg spends

his remnant ends
in solitary confinement
at warwick inn.



Wilson Stapleton

A fried-out friend
of Sigmund Freud,
No less my guess would be
a freak

A spiking trotter of the globe

The venom of the
virgin void
caress the mess where hit-men
streak

beneath the veins of sweet abode.

The Stage
is set
aglow
by night

Still rather right it seems to be
that mounds of earth
should cover me
when I am dead

But then again it's dark down there
and worms would
love to break my
heart

and take it home
to bate the hook

Cremation of the mind is best
It matters not
when death will come

and probably a rest for some
who like to sit
and vegetate

as ashes would in scarlet jug.

But why demise?
when has it been a rush to die

or leave the living verbal plain
to bite the dust
with pain

or say bonjour

I'm not that kind
nor am I blind;

Farewell

to the needle's eye of greed
whose body on the mind does feed
Reality no soul can bake,

Reality

gone stale....

THE REALITY OF THE NEEDLE'S EYE



FAREWELL TO DOG & DAME

Prolific desire drips quite free
like the fresh warm blood
of a dying pup
that was just mowed down
by a furniture truck.

But you my love compare them not!

Let bodies be
the left hind wheel
of the transport said
as it turned with the smell
of death

And you my love would quite agree!

Have you no heart,
I thought aloud

Then kneeling down
I lifted up the lifeless form
of man's best friend

And I wandered off amid the trees
where children play
with nature's heart

And I dug a grave
And I sang a song
And I bid farewell

to a dog
and a heartless dame....

John D. Sangster

in the "Cloud Nine Hotel"

a drunk
stumbled up to my table
where i was
 minding my own business
 drinking my own beer
"Lissin fella" he slurred "Im no bum
juss wanna borrar a dollar paya back
tomorrer swear i will kid..."
 "Sure...sure..."
 here...keep it..."
"WELL THE HELL WITHYA THEN
YA SONAVABITCH! he shouted

then turned he

and walked amazingly sober
away from my table

polarization

Lost
in the great cedar swamp
i must somehow
keep that North Star
in sight

But its light
disappears
and reappears
then disappears again
my vision blurred by tears
strained eyes blind
to the one true direction
i blundered around in that swamp
for years

The circles ceased
only when i learned to cast my eyes aside
in order to keep the view in sight

and so it is with any purpose:

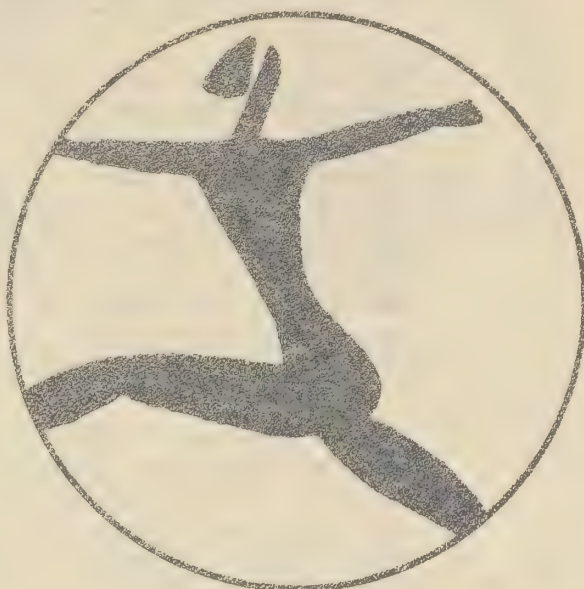
In seeking the goal
one must not look too at it

bernell macdonald

TIME

sitting in the corner
playing with my thumb
looked at the ground
there was a gun.
put my finger on the trigger
to see if it would fire
was loaded and exploded
through a neighbour's car.
put the gun down
and ran around
to see if the bullet
was on the ground.
looked inside
sure enough
right in the eye
opened the door
he fell to the ground
now he is six feet down.
went to court
the judge said ten years
sitting here
doing hard time
just dropping a few lines.
the pencil broke
i missed a stroke
now i'm behind
there's lots of time.

Brian Rand



THE OLD WOMAN

Silver hair with Golden Streaks
upon the woman's head
She sits upon the rocking chair
with needle and a thread
Wrinkles wrapped about her face
Eyes are old and gray
Her gentle touch her Stories make
Have wanted me to Stay
She sits and Rocks and Sings to me
Her Voice is very small
And when she walks to fix her meals
I'm scared that she would fall
She showed me how to live and smile
and never should I cry
I look at her with care and love
I hope she never dies.

Ruby

THE ZOO KEEPER

The zoo keeper keeps the man in the zoo
For smoking an herb quite oft known as boo
Because it doth frighten those folk in the west
Who know naught about it but think they know best.
Same family as hops, for making your beer
But this herb ganja, brings you more cheer
Used only by Blacks in some remote time
And Hindus and Arabs, who wouldn't drink wine
Cause they know that wine makes you often quite sick,
The zoo keeper here seems to do the same trick.

So set free our sisters who smoke and who deal
Live and let live, that's the old spiel.
And what of our brothers who bring in the smoke?
(It don't bring itself in for us to toke)
Should they be treated worse than the folk
Who pull guns on you, put knives to your throat?
Smugglin' hashish brings more time in the zoo
Than for those who'd harm you, you know it's true.

So you with a broad mind, not too bent to tame
Those with free spirit who live in our domain
Please ask the zoo keeper to set us all free
Open our cages, just let it be.

As the St. Louis Police Department

MY MOMENT WITH YOU

(from prison)

I was alone
Pressed against the windowpane
Wondering, hoping, gazing out
The sky became my domain and the sun rejoiced
 within my plight
I rested my eyes drawn by the regions outside
 of nature

And for a moment,
Escaped the bars that held me
Taking comfort in your embrace.

I felt the warmth of your body
As the sun shone thru the mist
And your tears fell
Reflecting prismatic colors as in a rainbow
My hands reached out touching your angelic
face

As I tasted the sweetness of your lips
Then slowly you fade away
And I open my eyes, awakening to the motions
of time
And I turn, slowly, walking away.

Al Pigeon

LIFE

LIFE IS EVERYTHING

LIFE IS NOTHING

LIFE IS LIVING

LIFE IS DYING

LIFE IS LOVE

LIFE IS HATE

LIFE IS GOOD

GOD IS LIFE

BELIEVE IN GOD

AND SOME DAY

KNOW ETERNAL LIFE

Darcy Lunn

POYLS OF WISDOM

by Parahamster Donut and
Dindon (Hewhohewho comes in the flush)



GREETINGS FROM NOXEMA, INSIGNIFICANT WORMS. POTENT PARAHAMSTER CHOOSES TO babble in tongue. In seeking the all-knowing eye one must prepare the spirit for the blinding truths about to be revealed. Meditate upon the morbid reality of the Readers Digest and the Moncton Times. Assume the isolated position of the great hermit. Transcend the occasion of confrontation with the igo.

To physically develop the eyes one must pursue the CPS carrot. Chanting: Ta LA. . .Ta LaA. . .will free the mind of disturbing thoughts of self-preservation and uffish dignity. Munch on the carrot daily, even hourly, and as time passes the intake of vegetable matter and chronic snuffle of the disciple will result in supervision. This supervision will produce startling effects: you will be struck with an enormous desire to perform manual labour and to display other masochistic tendencies.

The physical yoga for this cycle is one of great interest to those of small stature. Reach for the sky while digging at the earth with the toes. Flexing only at the waist, lower the head until the face brushes the knees. Flex the knees suddenly and bash yourself in the mouth until a horizontal posture is attained. Great profundity and exclamations of awe will filter through the cosmos.

We are now passing into the final stage of the Year of the Pig and are approaching with all possible haste the Year of the Chronic Hemorrhoid. We must be very careful not to further enrage the Dragon Kings. The wor is reaching a decisive stage and a multitude of desperate acts will occur. A calm pessimism is the proper attitude for enduring the next cycle. We shall all worship soon enough at the Shrine of the Dead Camel.

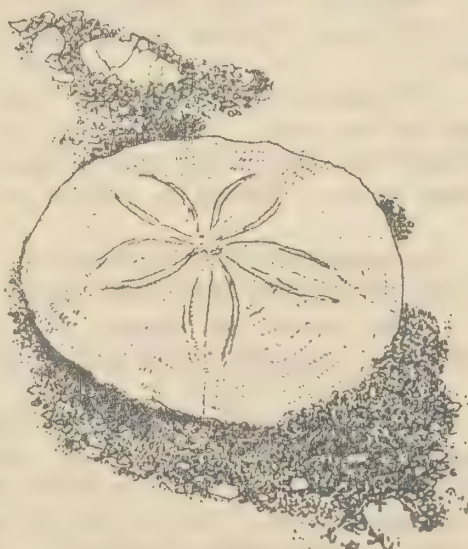
* Profundity of the Munth *
.....bien agiter.....

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THE SEVENTH STAR

by Ruben Sotelo

THE GENTLE BREEZE WAS SOFT AND SEEMED TO CARESS THE BODY AND LIFT THE SOUL into a divinity beyond description. The uninhabited surroundings held a quality of quiet wildness. It seemed a place where no other soul had marred its beauty with so much as a human thought. The lake lay still as a mirror reflecting the embellishments of the swans' deft movements. So deft that they produced the slightest ripple during their silent stroll. Equally as calm were the great towering trees, to which the wind whispered airy secrets of far away places. The sky was clear and the air sweet with the essence of nature. The night began a retreat from its battle as the sun spat out its first morning rays. A fiery edge of the sun's great sphere was visible over the rim of the Earth, as the sun peeped-out to check the safety of the battlefield. Just then, over the horizon, as if directly out of the sun there flew a flock of twelve pure white doves. The birds moved with a gracefulness that made them seem motionless, propelling themselves through the pagentry upon the wings of the wind. They flew with a definite destination and their migratory course brought them directly overhead. As they passed I reached out, completely intoxicated by the entire vision of magnificence and caught the whitest and purest of the entire dozen. I held this entity of wildlife to my chest as though it were a white rose and kissed its head. Before I could open my eyes, forms had changed.

Before me stood an adonic figure, rich with a symmetrical balance of proportion. A vaguely translucent white chiffon gown waved in the breeze with a genteel motion, clinging to her long gliding legs and suggesting the shapely curvature of an unspoiled creature, created in heaven for my eyes alone. Her long brunette hair, following her thin waist with a bounce of body, hinted at the authenticity of her benevolence. To touch her would be the ecstatic dream of any man worthy of the title. I reached out and took her hands in mine, immediately feeling the flow of a towering passion. There were no words, there was no language. But yet, there was a communication with deeper understanding than any two people could ever possess. A single facial nuance could say more than any words ever spoken. Her eyes spoke of an ardent admiration, offering a lady-love capable of captivating the strongest of wills. I held her to me, savouring the femininity in my arms and all surroundings vanished.

"Hey Tonneli, the Captain wants all the radiomen at the Command Post right now."

"Crap! This damn outfit won't let you have any peace, even in your dreams." Tony lifted his sore body out of the foxhole that he had spent a cramped night in and stretched, then began to arrange his radio.

"Yeah? Well I'm glad I was taken outta that nightmare I was havin'. I was with a goddess who kept runnin' off at the mouth. All she wanted t'do was talk."

"Not my little girl, she never said a word."

"Oh, what was her name?" Deacon asked in an attempt to trap Tony in a lie.

"Bianca," Tony answered without hesitation.

"So how in the hell would you know what her name was if she never said a word?"

"I guess you could say that she kinda ran off at the face," Tony said as he walked off to the C.P. Deacon watched with a puzzled expression as Tony tried to shake off the red-brown mud adhering to his right combat boot, adjust the radio on his back with a bouncing motion and walk, all at the same time.

Seven-thousand-eighty-four islands in the Philippines, and the lead pilot of the '53' Medivac helicopter had lost the map marking the drop-off-point of Lima Company. The three day supply of food was now exhausted and they had been expecting the '53' to reappear with supplies yesterday, but still no one came.

Captain Merrick returned Tony's casual salute as Tony entered the C.P., where Sergeant Bogdashon was already making notes of the map he was studying. "Corporal Carmelo, I want you to give your radio a thorough going-over. We can't make contact with Romeo-Sierra, so you'll be leaving at zero-seven-hundred-hours with Sergeant Bogdashon. . .Sergeant Bogdashon. . .Sergeant B-B-Bogus," Captain Merrick sputtered; he settled for Sergeant Bogdashon's nickname, having become exasperated trying to pronounce the name correctly. He gave Sergeant Bogdashon a shy smile, then looked back at Tony and resumed his authoritative air.

Romeo-Sierra was their homebase in the town of Subic Bay. The LST Flatboat, U.S.S. Denver, which is where they had been flown in from, was equipped with a radio strong enough to transmit and receive from a distance of up to one-hundred miles, if the small backpack radio was not obstructed by anything. Tony looked at the hill they were to travel to. "You can't be for real, that ain't no hill that's a mountain," he thought to himself. They were on hill nine-one-nine (denoting altitude in feet, as all hills are referred to in military jargon). They would have to go down this hill, travel about thirty miles due northeast through jungles, rivers, and ravines, then climb back up three-thousand-nine-hundred-forty-nine-feet. That was at least a three day trip, and with no food.

"You'll be gone for awhile, so make sure you take all your gear. Any questions?"

What if no one answers? How long do we stay up there? What is Romeo-Sierra's frequency? What will our call sign be? Who else is going? Why me? "No Sir."

"Very good then, I'll expect you back here in one hour, packed and ready to go."

Tony returned to his foxhole just as Deacon was digging the mud out, caused by the light rain from last night.

"What the Cap'n want?"

"That tired SOB wants me to go to that mountain over there with the Sarg."

"What?" Deacon said as he began to chaff in laughter at him. "Man, that trip'll take you years. I think it's even on a different island, isn't it?" He held his hand over his eyes Indian style and strained to see something far off in the distance.

"Very funny chum, but it just so happens that I mentioned to the Captain that you could be very useful on our trip to 'Mount Never', so guess what." Tony said hoping to stifle his laughter and make him worry.

"You what!"

"Ah, success."

"Pack all your gear up Deacon, we're movin' out in one hour," Sergeant Bogus barked.

Tony gaped at Bogus, not believing what he had heard. "Deacon will never believe me," he thought.

"You lousy Wop! You did mention my name."

The four men marched on through their baptism of fire as the sun lashed out at them with whips of radiation. They escaped the fire only to jump into the oven as they began to cut into the thick jungle. Tony's temples throbbed from the heat and the constant pressure of his helmet, straps swinging freely from side to side. The light, twenty-five pound radio had a characteristic burden of close to a ton. The two canteens on his cartridge belt danced with his hips and his forty-five caliber automatic pistol slapped his leg black-and-blue. The jungle birds screamed as a Rock Ape jumped from tree to tree, keeping a vigilant eye on his intruders. Vines entwined themselves around everything from head to foot as the men pushed themselves through the thick bush. The Medical Corpsman continued to beat the bushes with his machete as he spoke, "It's impossible to stay dry in this godforsaken land; you're wet twenty-four hours a day, either from rain or sweat." Drained of strength he dropped to the side of the trail, throwing the machete at a tree trunk in final protest. "Crap, you can't see three feet in front of you." The rest followed his example, making no effort to press on. It had only taken them a few hours to reach the foot of the hill they were on, but once they hit the heavy growth of the bottomland, they were beaten. They had only made slight progress into their thirty mile trek. They were rested-up enough to continue after about a twenty minute truce and Sergeant Bogus was about to say so, when Tony said, "Hey listen."

"Listen to what, the traffic?" Deacon was still scathing mad at Tony for what he thought Tony had done.

"No, the water. It sounds like a fall."

"Yeah, full of mermaids with food and wine just waiting to help out a lost Marine," Deacon said sarcastically. "I think you need some more salt tablets, your brain is dehydrating."

"No wait, I think he's right." The corpsman listened intently. The birds had stopped screeching and except for the soothing song of a single bird, the jungle was quiet. In the far distance the medic could hear the faint sound of crashing water. "He is right, I can hear it."

Sergeant Bogus was already looking at the map and they all waited for him to say something. "No good."

"What do you mean 'no good'," Deacon jumped. The black skin on his neck popped out as the Jugular Veins welled up with pressure.

"The river is about four miles south of us and off our course."

"Awh, look Sarg, it would only take us about an hour to get there and we

wouldn't be that far off course. Besides, who would know?" Deacon was a fish and he could feel the cold mountain water now, just thinking about it.

"Bullshit, it would take us a few hours in this bush, which would put us way off course, and besides, I would know."

"Let me see that map Sarg," Tony said as he held out his hand. Sergeant Bogus handed it to him. After a minute of study Tony said, "Look Sarg, this river passes about two miles from the base of our hill."

"So?"

"So ya gotta know that movin' up the bank of a river is ten times easier than through this bush."

Deacon looked at his saviour with a new respect, then at Bogus to see what he would say. Bogus was visibally irritated, knowing of Tony's tactical superiority since he had just returned from Viet-Nam. Bogus had not yet seen any action. His father, Sergeant-Major of the San Diego Recruit Depot, had conveniently assigned him the safe stateside job of Liason Runner, after his initial training. Bogus was labelled an ingrate by his father, after he signed-up for overseas duty.

The water, cool and refreshing, moved slowly down stream. A Weeping Willow hung its bows into the clear liquid, the leaves resembling tears as the willow poured its sorrows into the consoling stream. A bird sung it a song of blue mood in a mellow voice, entrancing all concerned. Life sprung forward, reaching up towards the nourishing rays of the sun. Tony held her near the willow, basking in her love. She held him with an urgency convincing him that he was her single blessedness. Bianca allowed him to enter her mind, hiding nothing from him and he smiled upon the beauty. "Is this what God's creatures were meant to be? The white flower of a blameless life?" This had to be the zenith of relationships. They openly shared each others thoughts, spirits mixing and transmuting into one single being. They were no longer restricted by the shells of their bodies, travelling the same brain-wave and plunging soul in soul into a deep laughter of happiness. They breathed the same air, lived the same life and married their souls by God himself.

Then something happened. Tony was snapped back into his shell and she began to back away from him for no apparent reason. Bianca's gown was pressed against her slender figure by the breeze and Tony could vividly see the artistry in this work of sculpture. Her perfectly formed breasts complimented the curvature of her body. Her tapering waist flowed with precision into graceful hips and stood upon sleek legs. But what he couldn't make out was the expression on her face, he couldn't quite comprehend it. He reached out for her but she began to rise into the heavens. Then he saw it, it was fear. "Don't go," her eyes were pleading, "please don't go." What did she mean, Tony wasn't leaving. His mind marinated in the acids of anxiety, as the dove transcended into the clouds and out of view. "What had she meant?"

"Tonnelli!" Sergeant Bogus was shaking Tony's body, trying to wake him. "Tonnelli, get on the radio, we've got company." Tony sat up, still fully dressed, all the way down to his combat boots. "Where am I," he thought, still bothered about Bianca. Then he remembered, they had made it to the river yesterday in three-and-a-half hours, and by the time they finished taking a swim in the cool water it was becoming dark. They spent the night there by the side of the river and now, early in the morning, there approached two Philippine women. He gazed at them confused, still in a daze. All he could hear was the sonata sung to him by a single bird, from the balcony of a tree. Finally he shook his head, "What the hell am I doing, that was only a dream," he said out loud. He finished the sentence in thought, "I think."

"Stop messin' around Tonnelli. Just get on that radio and report to the Captain."

"Report what, that we're about to get screwed," Tony said impatiently. "Get serious Sarg."

Sergeant Bogus hadn't thought of that. It would seem witless to report their invasion by two women. "Report our position," Bogus said in an attempt not to appear a complete idiot.

Tony's stomach was tied in knots. He hadn't had any food since yesterday morning and he was beginning to feel hunger pains. He reached over for his radio, which he kept near him at all times. Tony was an excellent radioman and he performed his job with pride. Radio procedure came easily to him, as he pushed the button on the mouthpiece. "Lima-Six, Lima-Six, this is Whiskey-Papa, over." There was no answer so he tried again, "Lima-Six, Lima-Six, this is Whiskey-Papa, over."

"Whiskey-Papa, this is Lima-Six, go ahead."

"Lima-Six, let me talk to Lima-Six C.O., over." Lima-Six C.O. was Captain Merrick.

"Roger Papa, hold." Tony waited for a few minutes.

"Whiskey-Papa, this is Lima-Six C.O., over."

"Six C.O., be advised that Whiskey-Papa is approximately eight miles due east of Lima's Command Post, over."

The radio spoke again after a moments hesitation, "Whiskey-Papa, are you aware that you're off course, over."

"Roger Six, Papa is taking the river up to the base of three-niner-four-niner. The bush is too thick, over."

"Very good Papa, report your progress again before you secure tonight, over."

"Roger Six, Papa out."

"Six out."

The women had crossed the slow flowing shallow river by hopping on the smooth rocks protruding from the surface of the water. They were young and carried baskets. The women of the Philippines are small and their frames exhibit the quality of daintiness; small waists and thin wrists, with just a touch of Oriental to their little-girl faces. They are an extremely friendly people and sex is far from dirty to them; it's more of a natural act, unlike the fanatical opposite attitude that the western world holds towards the subject. They advanced with smiles, as the four Marines sat dumbfounded, wondering what they wanted. They wanted nothing more than to offer help, if needed. Curiosity had brought them, bearing gifts of food and the local village wine. The women appeared to be a reconnaissance team. Local natives appeared from behind bushes and rocks on the other side of the river, just as soon as they saw that the four men were of no threat. The entire village must have turned up to see them.

Tony wolfed the food down before he even noticed the bottles of wine. The people looked at them with curiosity, chattering in their own language. Children played with the radio as Tony kept a nervous eye on them, not wanting to stop them and seem rude.

A barefoot man, with short, shaggy, straight hair, stepped out in front of them after they had finished eating and said, "My name Tajo, you lost?"

"No lost," Tony answered. "We go mountain, call Buku for food." Tony knew how to talk to these people. To them 'Buku' meant who ever was in charge.

Another man in the group looked in the direction that Tony had pointed in, sensing what Tony had said, and then spoke to Tajo, "Wata she wa anatow a she ma su?"

"Waka ta nie," Tajo answered as he shrugged his shoulders. He then turned to Tony and said, "You need guide?"

"You know short way?"

"We know, I see nason want go." He turned and asked the question. Several hands, all feminine, shot up almost before Tajo finished.

"Looks like smooth sailing," Tony whispered to Deacon. Tajo picked four girls from the crowd as a few scattered giggles were heard. Tony knew they wouldn't need four guides but he wasn't about to protest. Instead he pulled his plastic poncho out of his pack, knowing the value of a poncho to these people and handed it to Tajo to repay their kindness. "Give this to Buku, tell thank you."

Tajo handed it to the man that had spoken to him earlier. The little man accepted it with a grateful smile, while bowing and thanking Tony. "Doe mawdee gawtoe, doe mawdee gawtoe."

"What the hell are you doing?" Bogus said in an angry, restrained, low voice, still holding a smile on his face. "That's government property!"

"These people just gave us something that means more to them than that poncho means to me... their food. If you don't like it then charge me when we get back to base, but for now there's nothing you can do."

Bianca lay upon the natural lap of luxury, wishing to share her velvet blanket of clover with Tony. She knew that Tony had not been convinced that she was actually his spiritual life and not just a dream, but she felt comfort in the knowledge that he would not be capable of surrendering himself to anyone else. Bianca had touched his soul and began to purify and polish his rusted spirit, inextricably losing herself in love for him in the process. "He is a good being but he has been corrupted by the bodies excessive hunger and strong drive for satisfaction." Her mind wandered to thoughts of those lost because of these drives. "Man's higher nature is eager, the spirit indeed willing, but the flesh weak."

She would spend eternity if need be to win him over. Patience was the key. Bianca had not the power to transform Tony into a total ascetic, nor the intention, for she too cherished the moments of tender physical love. Although she did not

know what it was to be taken, she did know of her love for Tony, but her love would not be taken as meaninglessly or lightly as Tony had come to know what he called love.

The wind was warm, the night sparkled with stars. Almost as many stars filled the sky as did Bianca's eyes. She longed to hold Tony, and again asked Ladislo to seek him. Ladislo spoke in a sing-song manner, "He wills you mistress. I see the desire in his eyes."

It had not been an easy task for Bianca to find her lord and it would be harder yet for her to win him over. The fact that they were from different worlds was not enough to stop her. He would soon enough leave his world and join her when he was ready . . . patience.

"Mattia," Nicca whispered, naming the brightly colored bird that Tony was watching. The word was lost as Tony hung on the symphonic lyric of the silver toned tenor. Nicca admired Tony but she could sense that he belonged to someone else. Tony had passed-out from fatigue last night, the minute he crawled into his army blanket. Nicca had undressed him and washed his clothes. Only after she had hung them out to dry had she joined him in sleep. Now, with the morning sun shining, she lay with her head on his shoulder, holding him close and pressing her body to his.

Tony was in a taciturn mood and was almost unaware of Nicca's presence as he listened to the musical composition and watched a small ant that so reminded him of his compliant uncle George. Tony drifted into an animated daydream, interpreting George's character into this ant's action. The object George was working at was twice his size and at one time may have been a wasp's wing. Tony could almost hear George curse at it as he stumbled over a pebble, "You miserable son-of-a-stinkbug. Only the direct descendant of a stinkbug could be as lowly as to insist upon the delay of my supper. And now your obstreperous mannerisms have caused me to bruise my shin. Had I been involved in the battle that caused your violent demise, I would have inflicted a wound upon your carcass that would have left you to rue the day you became the recipient of my attack. You would have begged me to rescind my advances but to no avail, as I would have been merciless upon your leave on life."

Tony tossed a small pebble at George and knocked the prize from his grip. "Good Lord! It's alive!" George made a mad dash for home. In his panic he was unable to remember the way and zig-zagged back-and-forth. "This way. No, I think it's that way. No. It could be..." Finally, exhausted and with a flustered red face, he leaned against a rock to catch his breath and contemplate the situation. "How childlike, it couldn't have been alive. And even if it was, I still could have handled it. Well, no matter, I'll have a busy enough day tomorrow."

Having dabbed his embarrassment with excuses he started for home. On his way he came across the same wasp's wing he had been lugging home earlier. "Well, no sense in leaving it, there's still enough daylight to get it home. I'll just clasp my powerful jaws onto it and drag it like a sheep being led to slaughter. Like the proverbial grape, ripe for the picking. No doubt you had a swift death but cause me any grief and I'll see to it that you pay with a tumult equivalent to a volcanic eruption." Tony's uncle was well educated but a bit on the cowardly side and well known for his exaggeration. He was also a very stolid soul although his fiery imagination clearly came through in the outlandish paintings that aunt Mary wouldn't allow in the house.

"Why you egregious scoundrel!" erupted George after backing into a hole. "You impudent impertinent fly-speck! You pompous Junebug dung! Had I not warned you against your temerity? Were you not convinced of the severity of punishment upon the loss of my temper?" George brushed the dirt from himself and proceeded to climb out of the hole. "Very well then, you have caused plausible reason for your immediate excoriation." But, as he reached the top, the sand began to slide. The faster he climbed, the faster the sand would slide. Looking back George saw the crushing jaws of the Trapdoor Spider, waiting for him to fall prey. He froze and fell dangerously close to his hideous executioner, before gathering himself and running at twice his previous speed, but still gained little or no ground.

Just like uncle George, always a step away from his next imminent pitfall. Tony could still remember George asking him, "Son, as you know I haven't any children of my own. So, I would like to ask you to come to work for me to learn the trade, some day it may be yours." Tony accepted in spite of the financial trouble George was having with his construction company. It was agreed that Tony would join uncle George after his tour of duty with Uncle Sam. In George's last letter to Tony

he urged him to hurry as he was, "Hanging from a cliff, kicking at the winds of misfortune."

The girls danced a ballet up the side of the steep mountain and waited at the top for Whiskey-Papa. Tony glanced down the side and got dizzy. The trail was narrow and the rockface treacherous. "Holy shits," Deacon gasped. "I never thought we'd make it. Did you see the side of this thing?"

"Yeah, and it's one drop I wouldn't care to make," Tony said as he panted to catch his breath. They had made this long journey for the sole purpose of making contact with Romeo-Sierra and now, after a short rest, Tony set up his Master Antenna. "Romeo-Sierra, Romeo-Sierra, this is Whiskey-Papa, over." No answer. "Romeo-Sierra, Romeo-Sierra, this is Whiskey-Papa, over." All they could hear was a loud static.

Deacon half-laughed and half-cried, "We came all the way up here just to pick up a lot of static? I could have gotten that from Captain Merrick by refusing to come on this Bozo patrol."

Tony tried again, letting his voice rise a bit with his desperation, "Romeo-Sierra, Romeo-Sierra, this is Whiskey-Papa, over." Then they heard the crackling of a very faint voice.

"Whiskey-Papa, this is Romeo-Sierra, go."

They all froze, not believing that they had heard anything. "Romeo-Sierra, this is Whiskey-Papa, could you say again your last, over."

"Roger Papa, this is Romeo-Sierra, go ahead with your transmit, over."

They all began to jump up and down and cheer and dance with the girls. Finally Tony hushed them up and got back to the radio, "Romeo-Sierra, this is Whiskey-Papa, be advised that our position is four-niner longitude eight-two latitude. Lima-Six is located at four-one longitude seven-niner latitude, over

The radio crackled for awhile then picked up what seemed to be the middle of a sentence, "...get someone there before dark, the fifty-three is still...."

"What happened?" Deacon asked.

"I don't know but it doesn't much matter, we'll be home before dark." Tony, then informed Lima-Six of their contact with Romeo-Sierra and then turned to celebrate.

The wine numbed Tony's brain. He took another swig then kissed Nicca's neck. The girls weren't accustomed to men drinking so much. They had almost finished the entire six bottles of potent wine. Nicca liked the attention she was getting from Tony but it struck her as strange how his attitude had changed so quickly. Tony set the bottle down and kissed Nicca passionately. Unbuttoning her blouse he began to caress her breasts, the passion mounted in him and he decided to take her. Nicca breathed in deeply as she felt his exploring hand. In the distance he heard Deacon slur something about a bird, or a bet, or both. It wasn't until he heard the sharp clang of a magazine being slapped into an M-16 and the bolt slamming home that reality seized him by the collar. "No!" Tony yelled as he threw his body at Deacon. The rifle went off just as Tony reached it. The bullet ricocheted off a branch with a high pitch scream, missing the bird by inches, but the life of the bird had cost Tony dearly. He had picked up a great deal of momentum in his attempt to save the bird, enough momentum to plunge himself into the vastness of space, as his feet left the solid bulk of the mountain. His body battered the rock with enough ferocity to leave him breathless. He then slid down the steep incline for about twenty feet, before his foot was able to catch a toehold. He clung there for a delicate moment. "Don't move Tony, hang on!" someone yelled. Tony's toehold slipped and he began to slide again but was able to grab the same hold with his right hand as he passed it. He hung to the rockface waiting for help. He never once regretted risking his life for that particular bird. He had known it all along, had listened to its songs on the entire trip, but hadn't recognized what it was until that split second before he lunged himself at Deacon. It was part of Bianca's love, and Bianca's love was one thing that he couldn't and wouldn't allow any harm to close in upon. The bird landed not two feet from him and Tony felt comforted as he spoke to it, "Ladisló."

The water from the fall crashed to the rocks below and the fine spray mist clung to the leaves in beads, shining like diamonds. The forest was rich with a luxuriant plant growth of a deeper green than ever imagined. Elephant Ear plants stood proudly, gleaming with a look of lacquered plastic. The entire woodland floor was covered with a delicate blanket of clover. Moss grew on parts of the huge tree trunks and Ivy climbed halfway up the forest, making a natural ceiling and giving it an exotic touch of fantasy. Fireflies flew, brightly lit, spotting the dark forest the way the stars spotted the sky. The moon was full and the night warm, as a ting-

le of euphoria enveloped the entire land. All things shimmered with glee and the bloom of love was evident as a butterfly fluttered from red rose to white lilly. A fox nuzzled her young closer to her as they dozed in the comfort of slumber. Warm under the cover of bush, lay a doe tenderly washing the head of her newborn fawn.

Bianca was dazzling. Her eyes sparkled in her joyful face; her hair whirled in endless eddies. Arousal was the evidence of her beauty, proving the precision of the technique and the fine skill that her creator possessed. Love burst from her heart and flooded the immediate area. She spoke to Tony for the first time in a soft voice that filled his head with tranquility, "Tony, you don't have to stay, I care for you deeply, but the choice will not be mine. You can go back if that is where your desires lay. Or you can stay on the first step of many towards the land of Oliski, the seventh star from Earth.

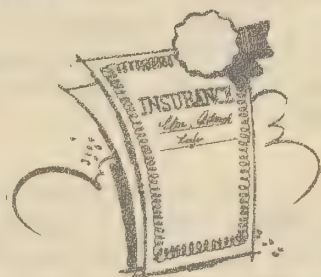
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NUMBER 8 L.U.

BY JOE MACNEILL



Well, this is my last column for The COMMUNICATOR. When this issue comes out, I'll be roaming the streets of Halifax. I'm glad to be getting out but I'm going to miss writing this column because I really enjoyed doing it. It was a lot of fun.

So what happened in No. 8 over the last two or three months? Well, sports events seemed to be the big attraction. We had three different kinds of hockey, volleyball, basketball, badminton and tennis. Volleyball seems to be a big item in the unit these days. We posted a list for players and got enough to make two teams. Nelson Fillis is the captain of one and Bert Chinn of the other. We are hoping to get some games with outside teams, which will make it even more interesting.

Murray Cruickshanks returned and gave our floor hockey team a big boost. We've shown a big improvement since his return. He's scored a lot of goals and has become the team leader. Maybe he's just what we need to bring the playoff trophies back to No. 8. Other members of the team are: Yogi Blondeau, Charley Anderson, Dave Leblanc, Amos Germaine, Bugs Parrish, Daryl Hamilton, Marcel Berube, Bert Chinn, Kerry Beavis and Wayne Germaine.

Wes Stevens and Pancho Landry are the two new Sports Reps. for the unit. I'm sure they'll do a good job. We've also got a new committee in the unit to look after recreation. Ernie Bowser and Dave McQuade are just getting organized and will soon come up with games and tournaments for us. They're looking for new ideas too, so if there's anything special you want, bring it to their attention.

Nelson Fillis, who is a director of Accent on Youth, tells me that they've got lots of speaking engagements but not enough inmates to fill them. So anybody that wants some TA's should talk to Nelson about it.

One of our Range Officers doesn't seem to like Paul Suxrette's harp playing. This officer was either emotionally upset or hung-over because he told Paul to do something with his harp that

was physically impossible to do.

* MAN ON THE RANGE INTERVIEWS *

Ron Hodgson: I've only got short-time left and man, will I be glad to get out of this place.

Roger Wiswell: Will somebody please wake me for breakfast?

Lyle Fraser: I don't have anything to say but I'm going to say it anyway.

Norman Warren: There's all kinds of them around here. I'll get one for myself. All I have to do is keep looking.

Gerry Rushton: All I need is a little love and understanding, someone to help me up when I'm down, someone to comfort me. Yes, I think I'll get a dog.

Freeman Kerrivan: Those LUDO's can't play fair. I had a breakaway and they hooked me, knocked me down. I should have had a penalty shot.

Steve LeCocq: I like throwing weights around. It almost makes me feel like a man. Oh well, a few more years yet.

Murray Cruickshanks: These people must think I'm the reincarnation of Al Capone. They send me back for allegedly "being involved in criminal activities." Boy, have they got a vivid imagination.

Yogi Blondeau: I'm looking for something that a mother just can't supply.

Bruce Fifield: Don't call me a fish. It hurts my feelings and leaves me in a highly emotional state. It causes my gills to expand.

Well, that's about it. I would like to thank my Range Officer who is, I think, the best one in the whole institution. The only help I got in this place was from him.

Remember -- no matter how your time goes . . . it still goes.

* * * * *

NUMBER NINE IS HEAVEN

by 5097



Welcome once again crime fans to the home of the boiling Heat-O-Meter, No. 9.

NEWS FLASH

Earlier in the month of March, the services of Koquack, the bald-headed super sleuth of "crime-time television," was summoned to No. 9's "halls of heat" in the hope that he might be able to solve the "Great Canteen Caper." Koquack arrived on the scene and was hot to trot. His keen intuitive abilities allowed him to nullify the mystery of the missing money in less than no time at all.

THREE CHEERS FOR KOQUACK

After collecting evidence to support his arrest of one of the alledged perpetrators, the case was turned over to the Justice Department and Koquack returned downtown to Police HQ.

NEWS OF THE BLUES

The trial judge handed down a severe tongue-lashing to one of the despondent alledged culprits of No. 9's alledged canteen embezzlement today and said he could see no reason whatsoever to be

lenient in this case. Tears rolled down the rosy cheeks of the accused as he waited fearfully for the sentence which the judge was about to impose.

ANYTHING BUT THAT

After being sentenced the prisoner implored hysterically, "Dear God NO! Anything but that. Please don't deport me to the United States. It's too hot down there and there are too many voluptuous women that are waiting to corrupt my purity. Please let me stay in jail." But his tears were to no avail -- the sentence stood. The wretched rascal is probably down in Coconut Grove right now with a joint in one hand and beating off the delectable Southern Belles with a bottle of "Jack Daniels" in the other. The alledged co-perpetrator has been remanded to the Hole pending further court action. Some win . . . some lose.

An Order of Restitution of Property was also handed down and is to be paid by the remaining population of No. 9. The moral of the story is: crime doesn't pay (it doesn't pay to be around when crime happens). With rules like this in practice, I pray to God that no one is murdered in No. 9.

* * * * *

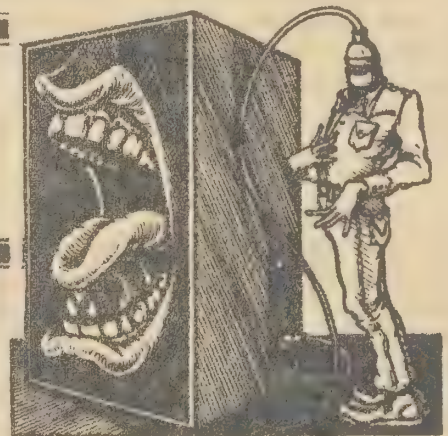
THE T.C. WORD

by Teddy Carr

To start off, I'd like to say hello to everyone and introduce myself as the new correspondent for No. 10. So far I'm just settling in to life (?) at Springhill, getting to know people and learn the lay of the land.

In the month of February we had our fair share of problems in the unit. Some of them have been resolved, but in some ways we're like a pot simmering on the back of the stove just waiting to boil over again. The talk has been hot and heavy, with many a scream of "liar" and only God knows what was the truth.

One big improvement has been the Discussion Committee, which is shaping up nicely with some new members. Right now they are all working on several projects which I hope to have more to say



about in the future.

There has been quite a bit of interest around the unit whenever talk concerning the proposed changes in the Criminal Code comes on the TV or radio. These changes are going to effect all of us, whether we're in for violence or not, now, as well as when we're back on the street . . . some day. It's a big complex package with much significant legislation -- all under the promotional slogan, "Peace and Security." It is obviously an attempt to placate the fear of a public that barbarically cries out for the return of the noose. There is a

lot at stake -- more than just the reintroduction of Society's vengeful collective bloodlust. The future direction of Western Democracy is at stake. The resurgence of fascist elements in our society must be quashed before they are permitted to gain too strong a foothold.

This joint sure is getting filled right up recently. As was said at a meeting a few weeks back, "Someong ought to tell it to the judge." If they overcrowd us too much, we may just make like lemmings and all charge the fence in a collective act of desperation.

On the sports scene, it's good to know No. 10 is holding down first-place in floor hockey to date. The team has come a long way, with a noticeable improvement on the defense by Barry McKee and Charles Sheehan. Our man in the net Billy Clark, deserves some credit for a

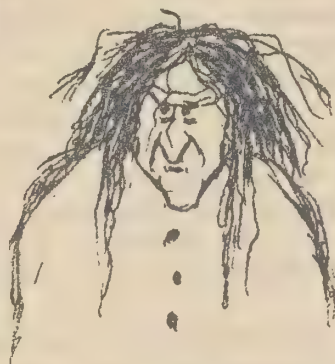
top-notch job done tending goal. The big question is: can the team take the upcoming tournament without scoring strongman Al Maillet, who has just left us? To make it at season's end, everyone is going to have to make a 100% effort, nothing less will do.

At the end of February we had a Double-Header Whist Tournament; one each night for two consecutive nights. Many of the guys took part and the competition was fierce both nights. The winners were Laurie Rogers and Blaine Arnold on the first night, with John Roberts and Gerry Randle taking the cake on the second night.

To close up I'd just like to say that we need to see some more basketball stars come out shining if we're ever going to have a team to play even one game.

IT'S A MAD WORLD

No. 11 by Doug Dennis



The newcomers stare in goggle-eyed wonder; the old-timers merely glance and shrug at the sight of a grinning figure, tearing through the unit, tires screaming, tortured gears grinding in protest, and twin Magnum 44's (totally imaginary, of course) blazing at all and sundry. Who is this figure, you ask? None other than our own Blair (BAM! BAM!) Debaie making his merry way to the canteen. Never a dull moment around here.

Yours truly caused a mild sensation by suddenly sporting a new hairstyle. Some snickered, some laughed out loud, others just stared then walked away sadly shaking their heads and muttering, "Guess one does get that way with advanced age." Learn to live with it, fellow Eleveners, it's the new Dougie D.; jealousy will get you nowhere.

Our shy and quiet Al McLeod seems to have set a new floor hockey record -- twenty-four minutes in the penalty box -- IN ONE GAME. His successful arguments with the referees finally got him back on the floor again with one minute left to play; five seconds later -- back

in the box again -- tripping penalty. If it's any consolation, Al, I believe you; it was a frame -- you were set up.

Speaking of floor hockey -- our team seems to be doing OK for itself. They're in second place now and one game up in the semi-finals. Our new coach, Grant Lockhart, predicts that there shouldn't be any problems in winning the trophy, although the competition is fairly rough. Our Chief Referee says that if there was more appreciation shown towards the officials, the games would go along much smoother.

The rich kids from Eleven are thinking about purchasing another colour TV; that'll make TWO for the unit. If word of all this easy living leaks to the outside, the guys will be lining up in the courts just to get in here.

Till I meet you again in the next issue, I leave you with this reminder of the motto of the CPS: "When in wonder, and in doubt -- run in circles, scream and shout."

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SPORTS BRIEFS

BY VINCE BEZANSON



Well, at long last, after weeks, months, even years, those contractors finally gave us our new gym. Some of the sports that can be played in the new gym are: volleyball, basketball, floor hockey, tennis, badminton, table tennis, weight lifting and bowling. While speaking with Jack Kline of the Recreation staff, he said there was about 25% more participation in recreational activities.

Bill Barry, N.S.T.C. Professor and tournament tennis player held a clinic on February 28. The participants were shown instructional films, court procedure, proper racket grip, the serve and functionalities of the game. Mr. Barry said he enjoyed his visit to the prison and was quite surprised at the willingness of the prisoners to learn. He hopes to return in the future.

Reg Caulfield, another member of the Recreation staff stated that there will be more clinics conducted for indoor sports in the near future. He added that an umpiring clinic will be held in the middle of April.

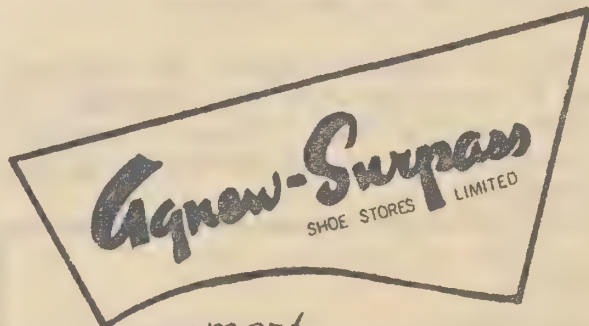
The floor hockey season is still on the go and as of presstime it's anybody's championship, what with paroles and transfers cutting up all the teams. Let's take a look at the number one team, unit No. 10, which is in first-place with 29 points. This team came from the cellar of the league to the attic. A lot of work by defenseman Barry McKee and the speedy Charlie Sheehan has helped bring this team to first-place. With the big goal scorer, Al Maillet, who scored 200 goals and assisted on 35, released; it is questionable whether this team will continue to hold their standing.

No. 9 is in second-place with 27 points. Captain Charlie Turner said his team had lost some good players, namely, Floyd Kenney and Eddie Hibbert. He added, "Donnie Leroy was transferred to the Farm Camp. This weakened our standing in the league but with players like Chico Dedam, Nick Downey and some of the other younger players we will have the championship next issue."

No. 11 is in third spot with 25 points. This is the team that will surprise everybody in the playoffs. According to Wayne McGrath, the new coach, "Billo is top scorer since Maillet left, with 65 goals and 38 assists for a total of 103 points. Parsons is hot and flying, and Reed is playing a hard strong game. We would like to have first-place at the end of the season but we'll settle for the championship." I have to agree that Wayne has coached the team well but as for the championship -- that remains to be seen.

No. 8 is in last-place with 15 points. I don't know what is happening with you guys over there? If you guys don't pull up your socks soon, you will be walked all over in the playoffs. Joe MacNeill said that the team had found a new goalie, who would turn things around for them. The credibility of his statement remains to be seen. As I understand it, one of your players took his benching so hard that he left the prison. However, there are RCMP Detachments attempting to locate the player and return him to the team. As of presstime they were still unsuccessful.

When I return in April I will have more sports and we will know who the floor hockey champions are.



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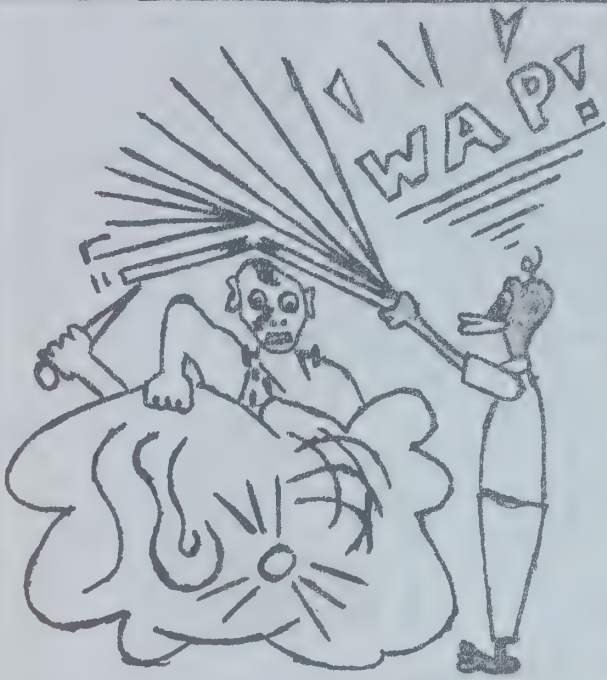
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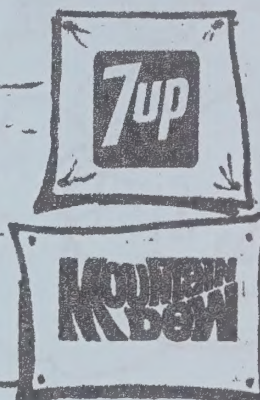
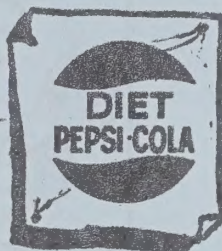
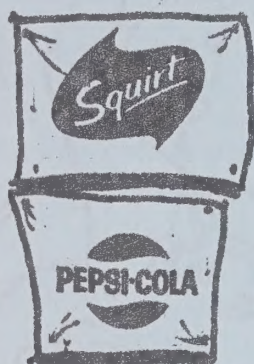




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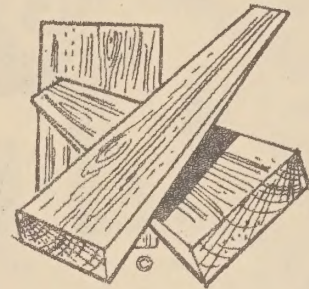
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